

GREEN MOUNTAIN FREEMAN.

The Universal Equality of Man's Rights--The supremacy of God's Law.

BY J. POLAND.

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The Family Circle.

Little Things.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-whispered seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it, silently.

Work and despair not; give thy might,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the Right,
The holy, true, and free!

Doing Good.

A few years since, a wealthy gentleman of Paris, who lived in idleness, at length became weary of life, and left his house one evening, with the intention of drowning himself in the river Seine; it being twilight when he arrived at its bank, he concluded to walk about a short time, till it was darker, so that he should not be discovered. While thus engaged, he put his hand in his pocket, and felt a purse, which was filled with gold; he concluded to go and find some poor family, and give it to them, as it would do no one any good, if he cast himself into the river with the money. He soon found a poor dwelling that bespoke poverty within; he entered it, and there he beheld the mother of the family stretched on a bed of sickness, and some six children in rags crying for bread. He gave them his purse of gold, and immediately their tears of sorrow were transformed into tears of joy; and their gratitude was so ardent and simple to their benefactor, as to fill his heart with joy and peace, and he exclaimed, "I did not before know that there was so much happiness in doing good. I abandon the idea of killing myself, and will devote the remainder of my life in doing good." He did so and was much distinguished for his deeds of benevolence.

Scolding.

"A great deal of injury is done to children by their parents scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home, to become vagabonds and wanderers, by scolding. It sours your temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question; if you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your children likewise. Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they cannot love you as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their estimation. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace."—N. Y. Evangelist.

'Peace on Earth.'

For the Green Mountain Freeman.

The Mexican War.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE TO HASTEN ITS
TERMINATION?

We think it time to press this question upon the serious consideration of our countrymen.—We would call their attention to not without distinction of party, and ask every one to inquire for himself what he ought to do or attempt for the speedy termination of our present war with Mexico.

This war might be terminated very soon.—If a spirit of peace should pervade both parties; if either party, actuated by such a spirit, should stop fighting, and then offer to settle the points in dispute by fair reference to competent and impartial umpires; if war passions, and the semi-barbarous code of national honor did not goad them on in the work of mutual mischief and destruction; if the mass of the people in each or either country would call aloud for peace, or their rulers set themselves at work in earnest for a consummation so devoutly to be wished; how soon might this war come to a close, perhaps without even another drop of blood!

Such a result is confessedly possible. And does not its bare possibility impose on every good man the duty of doing all in his power to arrest the murderous, suicidal strife now going on between these republics? Does not every principle of our religion, every dictate of humanity, every motive of patriotism, every just view of all the interests at stake, require such services of us at the present crisis?

If asked what you shall do for the speedy termination of this war, we answer that a great deal may be done by every class and every individual in the community. A public sentiment, once set universally and strongly against its further prosecution, would bring it to an end very soon; and every person in the land can do something to help form such a sentiment, and give it utterance and efficacy. If this sentiment were expressed in the way of petitioning

our rulers to take measures to stop the war, and such petitions were poured into Congress from men of every party at the East and the West, at the North and the South, would not their wishes be heeded, and the war be brought at once to a close? So it seems to us; and hence we would urge upon all the importance of their petitioning Congress to use its constitutional powers in arresting this war, and securing a just and honorable peace without any more bloodshed.

May we not appeal especially to Christians!—They believe in a gospel of peace; they are the professed followers of the Prince of Peace; and are bound, as we conceive, by every principle of their religion, to do all they can to stay the crimes and miseries of war. There are said to be in the United States some 45,000 Christian churches of every name, with three or four millions of members; and, if half these millions, in every sect and party through the land, would only unite in earnest against the further continuance of this war, would they not be sure to succeed?

Still more earnestly would we appeal to ministers of the gospel. They are the moral guides of the people; and, commissioned from the Prince of Peace, and the God of Peace, as preachers of a peaceful religion, ought they not to lead the van of efforts for the restoration and continuance of peace? Can they, without being recreant to God and humanity, shrink from such services at a time like the present? There are in the whole country, it is said, some 35,000 such heralds of peace; and, if they should all lift up their voices against the continuance of this war, would it not come to an end very soon? And what service would be more important, or more appropriate to their office?

More powerful still is the periodical press upon the mass of minds through the community. There are in the United States more than 100 religious papers, and some 1500 or more of every class, reaching every neighborhood, and every leading mind, with their daily or weekly issues. How easy for such a multitude of papers, if only united and earnest for peace, to insure its speedy, almost instant restoration!

Permit us, then, to bespeak, gentlemen of the press, your special co-operation for this purpose. We ask it without distinction of party. We do not wish you in this case to lift your voice either for or against any party as such; nor do we see why honest men of all parties cannot consistently co-operate for an object which every one of them desires. You are the law givers of that public sentiment which must, sooner or later, determine what measures shall be taken to stop this war between sister Republics whose interests are, and whose hearts ought to be, one now and ever. Will you not then use your best endeavors for peace by opening your columns to its claims, and inditing articles yourselves in its behalf?

NUMA.

Common Schools.

Spirit-Culture.

The Common School Convention which held its sessions in this city the last week, has reminded us of the subject of schools and of their wants. One prominent need we will mention—the radical and almost total lack of spirit-culture.

The boy is not merely a patent calculator, or a spelling book and grammar; he is withal a Soul, and somewhere, whether in schools common or uncommon, that fact needs to be remembered. He is, too, a new development of being—with some new aim in the world, or he would have not been here—that also should not be forgotten. The Soul requires food, and the intellect asks a habit of independent thought. Now the memory only is educated, and the reason slightly aroused by incidental circumstances; but the Soul has never a drop for its thirst, or a morsel for its hunger, in our system of education.

We do not ask for the recitation of sage theological dogmas, however true; any amount of indigestible catechism crammed into his mortal stomach, will not help the boy. His opening heart's great wonder needs to be filled with knowledge of the Unseen; but not by telling him what others see, but more by training him to look himself. Life spreads around him, strange, unaccountable, miraculous, and he would know somewhat of it, and not be put off with old hearsays, or summoned from his wondering inquiry by cautious and forbidden ground. He knows that he is more than he can account for; do not mislead him by mere popular legends, but speak solely what you have experienced, in directing and awakening his vision. Before the child becomes a man, he has lost all distinctions in his mind between what was told him, and what he himself experienced. His spirit never had the habit of self-culture or of self reliance, and therefore is but the chained thrall of education, bent and crippled, or erect and strong, as chance has thrown him into this mould or that. Had he been left to think and talk freely his thoughts and received hints and truths, and opinions on all the unseen, from others, without a dogmatic forcing them upon him, he would surely have been as true as now, and much stronger for his self-helping. We do not want a system of worship or opinion imposed upon the child, but from the first the element of worship should be drawn out, encouraged, not forced, and made insensibly to grow, through the perpetual satisfying of his love and wonder. We do not desire to see a soul moulded to any sectarian creed, but rather to have led the spirit of religion, the deep awe that is native to him—and leave the forms to take their shape from the maturer intellect.

It is much easier to say what is not to be done than clearly to assert what should be. Plainly enough we can affirm, that nothing which addresses only the intellect and memory, can be of great service in educating the moral sense.—Therefore, all dry affirmations of excellent rules, will not do the required thing. To ask a child his own sense of things is better than to assert yours. It throws him upon his intuitions and feelings, which are always wiser than the reason, in moral questions, and he becomes habituated to mark his experience, and shape it into

thought. What is deepest, is most sacred in man or boy, is also the most delicate, easiest scared away by rudeness; and we have seen, not boys only, but men far being repulsed by unappreciating minds, more ashamed of their virtues than their vices—and actually hiding a noble and deep sentiment by an affected rudeness.—The teacher of a child must know and love him, and be able to win his love; and not only be on kindly terms, but equal to his task, if need be, of drawing from him all his heart's hopes and fears and aims; and of course must be worthy of such confidence. Then he may help the growing Soul with his experience and his love; and little by little the expanding spirit will take hold of its own great mystery—and before it comes in contact with the repulsiveness of life, will have grown insensibly familiar with its hoped-for destiny—will have become habituated to a reverent and earnest mood—so that no after buffeting will blot out its high aims—or put its noblest impulses to the blush. But before anything like what is needed can be made practical in education, we must have teachers, not seers and sages of mere rules, but of the secret springs of life and action—in short must wait quietly till things are a great deal better than they are now.—*Character Oph.*

Religious.

The Widow of Nain.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

The touching incident in scriptural history which has furnished the theme for so much poetry, is very beautifully set forth in the following lines which we find in a New Haven paper:

Farth from the gates of Nain a funeral train in mournful silence came. The sunset flush was lingering still upon the hills around; the last departing ray of the day yet stayed, tinging the floating clouds above with hues of crimson and of burnished gold, while heaven's pure azure seemed more soft and sweet and amid those gorgeous tints for nought within wide world's bounds could more entrance the soul than that sweet sunset among Judea's hills and plains.

Yet death was there, and even now on swept his silent train. And he who lay the stricken victim there, had died all glorious in his manly pride. The noble form, but half concealed beneath the sable robe which wrapped it round, was cold and motionless, yet oh, how beautiful is death! The pale and ashy lips, on which the parting word seemed still to tremble low, were chiselled like Apollo's—proud but soft—and were the stamp of energy and strength; the radiant eyes were glazed in death, in which once shone ambition's fires, as gleamed youth's bright and joyous hopes in days ago; and yet they seemed as closed in gentle sleep, and laid his rich and clustering hair which lay as if in life's warm glow, upon the pall so soft and fair as it was, the low wind moved, stirring the curls and wildly flowing locks, as when in health they had been freely flung to woo its balmy breath. A thing of light, too beautiful he seemed to die, yet was he passing to his last long home, so young and fair—his widowed mother's only stay—and she now left alone to meet the world's cold frowns, and cheerless life.

Behind the bier, with form bowed down and bleeding heart, she came; and, as she gazed upon her noble boy, struck down amid the flush of youth's bright dreams—and saw the arm on which it was her wont to lean, all stiff and palsied now in death—and looked in vain, into those dull glazed orbs, for the fond glance which there used to beam—her bursting heart gave way; she bowed her head upon the silent casket, and wildly wept in speechless agony and woe.

But, lo! as onward swept the mournful train, a band of humble pilgrims met the weeping throng; and one among them came and touched the bier. 'Twas He, the lowly, outcast Nazarene. His blue eye looked sadly on the group, and gushed from his heart, all that pure love he brought from heaven, towards her whose hope was gone—was hurried 'neath the silent pall. The sad procession stopped, and they that bore the corpse stood still. Jesus at that moment gazed upon that noble form, as in her woe the frantic mother had thrown back the pall from off her stricken boy—a moment looked on her, who, weeping hung upon the bier, then touched the sleeping hand, and calmly said, "Arise." At that life-giving word, the hue of health began to steal upon the dead; and, like the first faint flush of dawn, the warm blood mounted to the cheek and brow, and light began to beam from out the eyes; the lips just parted, caught a sunny smile; and like the leaping wave, his bosom heaved beneath the dark habiliments of death which lay upon his quickened form.

With piercing cry, "He lives—he lives!" burst from the mourner's lips, and on the Saviour's breast she fell and wept.

Truthful Extract.

"What think ye was the mission of Jesus, the Redeemer to man? He came to tell him that there was an immortality beyond the grave; but he also came to lift up the toiling millions of the human race, from their degradation in this lower world. Yes, it is a truth eternal as God—Jesus came to visit the Poor Man in his misery; to clothe the bent form in a finer garment; to feed his mouth with better bread; to shelter his weary head with the roof of a dearer home.

He came to the Poor Man as a brother.—His voice speaks even now, saying to the slave of the work shop and the mine—*Brother, arise, for thy time is near!*

RELIGION—Religion is the fear of God, and his manifestation good works; and faith is the root of both; for without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh unto God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." We can neither fear nor love what we do not believe.

It is foolish, if not very wicked, for men to call themselves followers and successors of Christ, while they show no care to tread in his

steps. The followers of Christ are those who imitate his virtues; and as he left no posterity according to the flesh, his only successors are those who succeed to his spirit and character.

For Young Men.

Winter Evenings.

Among the changes which autumn brings with delight—the return of long evenings. In summer, there seems scarcely to be an interval between day and mid-night; and though a summer evening, what there is of it, is very fine for a short stroll over the dewy fields of the country, or a city promenade in the regions of soda and ice-cream, it can hardly be held of great value for any other pursuit. Give us the good long evenings of November—no matter how cold and stormy—and if we can have a bracing fire, a supply of choice books and papers, and the company of friends and kindred spirits, we envy no man's happiness. Home, always prized, now seems doubly dear, and all the cares and toils of the day are amply rewarded by the joys of the evening fire-side. Happy the man who has a home at this season of the year; thrice happy he who faces it.

"Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout, or play;
Whit' far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
"Twixt book and late the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From these—my own fire-side."

Young men, take care of your evenings.—Learn to value your leisure hours too highly to squander them in the streets, or to waste them all in the pursuit of mere amusements. They may be worth to you more than gold or silver, if properly improved.

Now is the season to commence a course of useful reading or study; and an hour or two each evening, thus devoted to mental improvement, continued for a year to come, will effect a result which you now hardly anticipate. But you say you are not a 'genius'—you have no uncommon talent. No matter for that. Geniuses are as scarce as the fabled phoenix—but one visits the earth at a time; and as to extraordinary talent, there is not half so much of it in the world as many imagine. If you have common sense, that is enough; go ahead and increase your mental furniture and make yourself a well-informed man. Every young man ought to aspire to this; and this is all we ask.

Start Right, and Go Ahead.

Atth, Jim; off coat and go to work. You will be somebody yet, if you start right and go ahead. No matter if you break down occasionally; hard thumps make the man for this world. Always have an eye open, your mouth shut and your hands employed. Sleepy headed drones, and open mouthed ninnyes, never set the world on fire or do anything worthy of a newspaper record. A name and a glorious one you shall win, if you are faithful to yourself and never stop for trifles. If you break your plough, don't cry; if you pi a stickful at make a doublet, don't fret and growl; if you get tumbled head over heels into a snow drift or into the dock, jump out as soon as you can and push on. If you spend time to growl, or fight with every lubber you meet with, you'll never gain an inch of ground. Remember our advice, Jim, and be a faithful boy. You'll never wait for friends, for money or for sweethearts. You will gain a good name, secure property, and find an excellent wife.—*Portland Bulletin.*

Anti-Slavery.

From the Cleveland American.

Letter from Gen. Fessenden.

Mr. Rice:—The following letter just received from Gen. Fessenden, of Maine, is too valuable to be kept on file, or to be read only by a few persons in manuscript. I cannot think that he will regard it as a breach of confidence in me to offer it for insertion in the American. I call to the attention of your readers, that they may see in it the heart of a genuine tried patriot, and ponder the weighty sentiments and thoughts of a faithful and powerful conditor in the work of national and church reform. And let them understand that the testimony of this brother in regard to the position of the churches, is that of one of the most consistent and efficient followers of Christ, the real friend of Christian institutions and ordinances, the warm advocate of a religion which exhibits its creed in the course of righteous action.

Yours,
JOHN KEEP.

Painesville, Nov. 9, 1846.

PORTLAND, OCT. 28, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind and friendly letter of August 12, was received; but the stirring scenes in which I have been engaged, and especially in our glorious cause of Anti-Slavery, has prevented me from giving you an earlier explicit answer. I was, when your letter came to hand, engaged in traversing Maine from the eastern to the western extremity, talking and lecturing on the subject of Slavery, and sustaining with what power I had, the Liberty party. This I did at my own expense both of time and money. The result of our election shows whether we have been true to the cause. We have increased the Anti-Slavery vote in this State over three thousand, and defeated an election. I assure you that we have acted independent of the Whig and Democratic party. Two thirds of our gain this year has been from the democratic party. I spent six weeks talking every day, and frequently twice a day, passing from village to village, and from town to town. I can truly say, that my views coincide with yours on the subject of political action—that is, to hold up our own appropriate banner to the breeze in open day light, and in the face of the sun. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Giddings at my own house, and he ad-

ressed the public here, and at other places, and I know that here, and, I believe, elsewhere, took the ground that our Anti-Slavery principles carried out, would alone save the country. I told Mr. Giddings most distinctly, and such was the language of all the men of the Liberty party, that our line of action could not be changed—that we should be glad to have all the whigs and all the democrats, think and act as we did, and hoped the time would come when all the free States would be with us. Mr. G. clearly understood, that in no event would the Liberty party merge in either, or both the political parties, both of whom, from their organization, must, as they have done, succumb to slavery and the slave power. I must do Mr. G. the justice to say, that he did not suggest that we ought or could do other than to pursue our course of action; but in case we defeat an election, that we should endeavor to put men in office who would be true against the slaveholding power. The whole scope of Mr. Giddings' address was, that all good men ought to unite against the slaveholding power. Still I could perceive in my conversations with Mr. Giddings, that he had confidence that the whigs, as a party, were essentially Anti-Slavery; and he set forth in his public addresses the encroachments of the slave power with much effect, by an array of the most startling facts, which were new to many. His visit certainly did the Liberty party no harm. Such too, was the course of Hon. John P. Hale. Mr. Hale's efforts told with much power on the Democratic party in this State. We have not stopped in our course to canvass with much particularity the questions of Tariff and Free Trade; but we have endeavored to show what is true, that the general legislation of Congress has had in view the extension of slavery and perpetuation of the slave power—that both the whig and democratic parties, were in thrall to the slave power, and that it was hardly necessary to calculate with much nicety which was most subservient, where neither made the principles of justice and mercy and equal liberty, any part of their political creed. When conversing with whigs who claim to be, the foes of slavery, I have urged a dissolution of their party, and a separation, as political men, from all connection with Southern whigs. I have pressed the same views on the Democracy, so-called.

My own view is, that we persevere in our course, and carry out the principles which lie at the foundation of the Liberty party. From the whig or democratic party, as such, we have nothing to hope.—Under God, our appeals are to men. I have confidence in the mass of the people that they wish to do right. I have no confidence in the leaders of either of the great political parties.

After all, I am more and more convinced that the course of action in the Church of the various denominations, is the greatest obstacle in the way of the emancipation of the slaves.—The action of the great convention in London looks gloomy. In all denominations, the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith, seem to me to be left undone, or to yield place to the shibboleth of creed. Men, professors of religion, I will not say good men, seem to act, as though they can love God whom they have not seen, while they manifest no love to their fellow-men. I am satisfied our severest labor is yet to be in the Church of Christ. Slavery is there more strongly entrenched than in the Democratic or Whig party. Still, I do not despair. I hope, I trust, I pray—I am willing to act, to spend and be spent in the cause of emancipation for the slaves. I am like you, ready to act with all who will act with me; but it must be in the Anti-Slavery cause as embodied in the great principles on which the Liberty Party is constructed. Those principles are and must be made in our government, (as they are in morals, and the Law of God) paramount to all the political questions of Tariff and Free Trade, Bank or Sub Treasury; the scramble for office, and the glory of conquest, or the lust of aggrandizement.

No; Sir; believing I am right, you will not find me, I hope, wavering, but ever true to the Liberty Party. I write not for the public; but you may assure all our friends, I stand or fall with the Liberty Party.

Your friend,
SAMUEL FESSENDEN.

REV. JOHN KEEP.

The Signs of the Times.

Anti-slavery reformers, in common with all other men, are too much inclined to calculate the prospects of eventual success, from the numbers that have come forward and given in their adherence to their principles, or the rapidity with which proselytes to the truth are made.—Now we think that nothing can be more erroneous than such calculations. If the truth, in its contest with error at the ballot-box, gets beaten a thousand to one, it by no means follows that error is a thousand times the strongest, or that truth has but one chance in a thousand of ever succeeding.—Whoever estimates the strength of parties, on questions where moral principle is at stake, by counting noses, sadly miscalculates.

Although the elections the present season have resulted in a truly gratifying increase of the Liberty vote, we by no means consider this the most encouraging sign of the times. When it is considered that the Whig and Democratic parties are the great bulwarks of the slave system—that through them it wields the political power of this nation—that it could never have acquired, and cannot for an hour maintain its political supremacy on its own merits—every thing that tends to weaken the old issues, and call the attention of the honest rank and file of those parties to this subject, is encouraging. All over the free States numbers of the party nicknamed Democratic have opened their eyes, and have, more or less emphatically, protested against the rule of slavery.

In New Hampshire and Maine it has produced a schism which has prostrated the proslavery Democracy forever. In the former State the seceders have already joined the true Democracy of universal freedom, and in the latter they will undoubtedly soon do so. In the other free States the members of that party are asking if slavery and Democracy can have fellowship together. They stayed away from town meeting to inquire—the result will hereafter be seen. The Whig party is in a divided state on this question likewise, and though no important secessions have as yet formally taken place, yet anti-slavery and proslavery Whigs are ranging themselves; the question is fairly up, and no questions relating to mere money matters can ever again stifle it.

In many towns, too, the parties (as in Amesbury,) by uniting together in the choice of representatives, have acknowledged that there is no important matter which divides them; an acknowledgment which cannot fail to turn to the furtherance of the cause of human freedom, which is a vital question.

These signs of the times we hail as most auspicious to the cause of Liberty. Though the parties stand in their location of sentiment at the door of slavery, apparently as powerful and as vigilant as ever, it is only in appearance. Like the ice which a spring sun has been slowly penetrating, looking as strong as when hardened by the cold blasts of January, yet porous and yielding, ready at the first agitation of the waters to mingle in its native element, the parties are wrought upon by the truth, and ere long will dissolve for want of cohesion, and leave a fair field for the great combat between freedom and slavery. God speed the day!—*Essex Transcript.*

The Disunionists.

Edmund Quincy declares, through the Liberator, that the only hope of the slave and the only safety of the free, lies in the abrogation of the National Constitution and the dissolution of the Union. This, we believe, is the sentiment of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its supporters generally. Of course, the primary business of the Society, is to dissolve the Union. Here is a political purpose avowed by a Society that professes to believe that all politics are of the devil. How it expects to compass this purpose, we are not informed—but it must be obvious to the dullest apprehension, that it can be done only in two ways—either by physical force. Yet these are alike disclaimed by the Society. We may be told that they rely upon moral suasion—the wide inculcation of their principles—to accomplish their purpose. But this is not enough. Unless their moral suasion leads to some sort of action, it amounts to nothing. Something must be done, as well as said. The talking may, and probably should, precede the doing, but unless the former tends to, and prepares men's minds for the latter, it is so much empty vaporing. No sane man can believe that the political bonds that bind these States together, can be severed, except by the power of the ballot, or the bayonet. Those, therefore who clamor for dissolution, virtually endorse one or the other of those instruments by which the thing must be done, if done at all. They may disclaim it as loudly and frequently as they please—the fact remains the same. Now, then, can they denounce the Liberty party for resorting to political action for the overthrow of slavery, when they propose to accomplish the same thing, in an indirect manner, by the use of the same means, or by the bayonet? Their inconsistency is transparent—and when they attempt to explain it away, they involve themselves in culders absurdities.

Their object is political revolution. Ours is political regeneration. They would overturn the Government. We would reform it. They seek to abrogate the Constitution. We would redeem from the false glosses which slavery has put upon it. They would abolish slavery by the disintegration of confederacy. We, by the peaceful overthrow of slavery, would remove the only cause of disaffection to the Union, and thus preserve it in all its integrity, and render it a blessing to all the parties held in its fraternal bond.

Such is the contrast in our aims and purposes. Can unprejudiced and intelligent men long hesitate, which to approve and which to condemn?—The American Anti-Slavery Society, is, in fact, no less a political organization than the Liberty party. Its avowed political purposes which can be accomplished, peacefully, only by political means, stamps it with a political character. The task which it proposes to accomplish is a far more difficult one than that which the Liberty party has in view. "A hundred men can be more easily induced to array their influence against slavery, than one can to advocate a dissolution of the Union.—Of course the end which the disunionists tell us they have in view, may be accomplished long before their means will be regarded with any other feeling than that of aversion. Their labors are, therefore, misdirected, their energies wasted, and, worse than this, they are actually delaying the day of the Slave's deliverance by identifying, so far as their action can do it, the cause of emancipation with the purpose of disunion."—*Chatter Oak.*

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Can unprejudiced and intelligent men long hesitate, which to approve and which to condemn?—The American Anti-Slavery Society, is, in fact, no less a political organization than the Liberty party. Its avowed political purposes which can be accomplished, peacefully, only by political means, stamps it with a political character. The task which it proposes to accomplish is a far more difficult one than that which the Liberty party has in view. "A hundred men can be more easily induced to array their influence against slavery, than one can to advocate a dissolution of the Union.—Of course the end which the disunionists tell us they have in view, may be accomplished long before their means will be regarded with any other feeling than that of aversion. Their labors are, therefore, misdirected, their energies wasted, and, worse than this, they are actually delaying the day of the Slave's deliverance by identifying, so far as their action can do it, the cause of emancipation with the purpose of disunion."—*Chatter Oak.*

Sold to Pay his Debts.

We noticed a short time since, the sudden disappearance from Charleston, S. C., of a certain alderman and Bank Director, on account of debts which he could not pay, and who was married to a mulatto woman by whom he had six children. It turns out now that the mulatto woman was his slave, and consequently, the six children are slaves also! The result is, the creditors of the absconding alderman have made arrangements to seize the wife and children, and sell them for their husband's and their father's debts! Think of that, ye pious and Christian people! in this republican and Christian country! a man's wife and children—bone of his bone and blood of his blood—are sold to pay his debts! Here is one of the legitimate fruits of slavery; it first encourages a man to licentious habits with his slaves, and then, when misfortune overtakes him with a group of his own begotten slave children around him, he sees the remorseless creditor come and seize upon the issue of his loins, and the wife of his bosom, to sell them in the shambles like beasts. There will be a fearful account to settle some day, for this horrible state of things, and every man who does not lift up his voice against it, will have some share in that account.